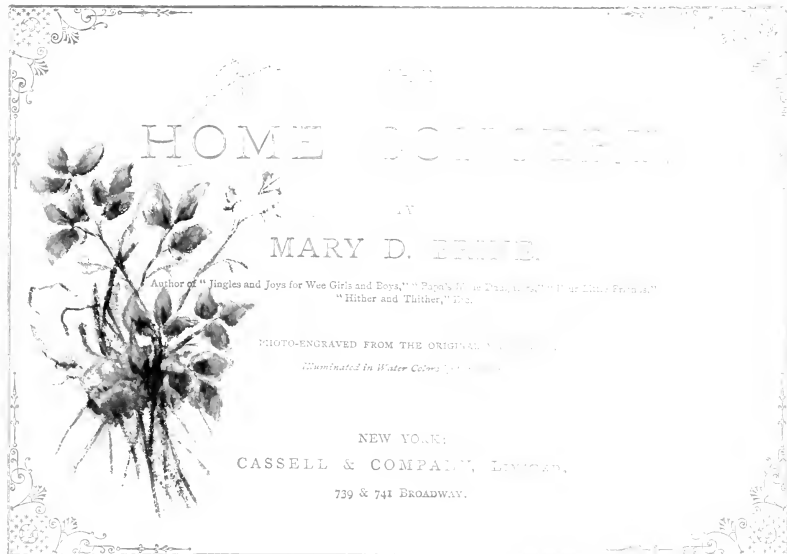


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THE  
HOME CONCERT.

BY  
MISS MARY D. BRINE,

Author of "Fanny and Fanny Wee Girls and Boys," "Papa's Little Daughters," "Four Little Friends,"  
"Hithers and Thithers," Etc.

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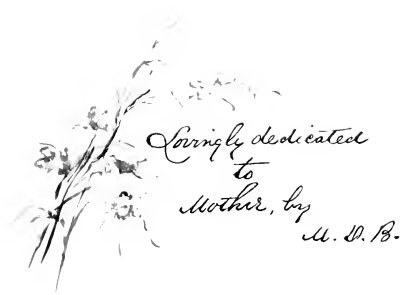
NEW YORK:  
CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED,

739 & 741 BROADWAY.



CONCORDIA,  
1896.  
BY O. M. DUNHAM.





Lovingly dedicated  
to  
Mother, by  
M. D. B.



## The Home Concert

Well Tom, my boy, I will say good bye!

I've had a wonderful visit here:

Enjoyed it, too, as well as I might

Apart from all that my heart holds dear.

Maybe I've been a trifle rough, -


"A little awkward" - your wife would say,

And very likely I've missed the hint

Of your city polish day by day.







But somehow, Tom, tho' the same old roof.  
Sheltered us both when we were boys  
And the same dear Mother-love watched us both  
Sharing our childish griefs and joys,  
Yet you are almost a stranger now,  
Your ways and mine are as far apart  
As tho' we never had thrown an arm  
Around each other with loving heart.



Your city home is a palace, Tom!

Your wife and children are fair to see.

You couldn't breathe in the little cot -

The humble home that belongs to me.

And I am lost in your grand, large house,

And dazed with the wealth on every side,

And I hardly know my brother, Tom,

In the midst of so much stately pride







Yes, the Concert was grand last night,  
The singing splendid! but do you know  
My heart kept longing the evening through,  
For another Concert - so sweet and low -  
That maybe it wouldn't please the ear  
Of one so cultured and learned as you.  
But to its music - laugh if you will -  
My heart and thoughts must ever be true.





I shut my eyes in the hall last night  
(For the clash of the music wearied me -)  
And close to my heart this vision came.  
The same sweet picture I always see,  
In the vine-clad porch of a cottage home,  
Half in shadow - and half in sun,  
A mother chanting her lullaby,  
Rocking to rest her little one.







And soft and sweet as the music fell  
From the mother's lips, I could hear the coo  
Of my baby girl, as with drowsy tongue  
She echoed the song with - 'Goo - a . goo.'  
Together they sang, the mother and babe,  
My wife and child - by the cottage door,  
Aye, that is the Concert, brother Tom,  
My ears are aching to hear once more.





So now good bye! And I wish you well,  
And many a year of wealth and gain.  
You were born to be rich and gay,  
I am content to be poor and plain.  
And I go back to my country home  
With a love that absence has strengthened, too.  
Back to the Concert all my own,  
Mother's singing, and baby's too.

Mary D. Brine.





## THE HOME CONCERT.

Well, Tom, my boy, I wish you good-bye!  
I've had a wonderful visit here,  
Enjoyed it, too, as well as I might,  
Apart from all that my heart holds dear.  
Maybe I've been a trifle rough—  
"A little awkward"—your wife would say,  
And very likely I've missed the hint  
Of your city polish, day by day.  
But somehow, 'Tom, tho' the same old roof  
Sheltered us both when we were boys,  
And the same dear mother love watched us both,  
Sharing our childish griefs and joys;  
Yet you are almost a stranger now,  
Your ways and mine are as far apart  
As tho' we never had thrown an arm  
Around each other with loving heart.  
Your city home is a palace, 'Tom';  
Your wife and children are fair to see,  
You couldn't breathe in the little cot  
The humble home that belongs to me.  
And I am lost in your grand, large house,  
And doted with the wealth on every side,  
And I hardly know my brother, Tom,  
In the midst of so much stately pride.

So now good-bye! and I wish you well,  
And many a year of wealth and gain,  
For you were born to be rich and gay,  
I am content to be poor and plain.  
And I go back to my country home  
With a love that absence has strengthened, too,  
Back to the concert all my own,  
Mother's singing, and baby's coo.

Yes! the concert—'twas grand last night,  
The singing splendid! but do you know  
My heart kept longing the evening through  
For another concert—so sweet and low  
That maybe it wouldn't please the ear  
Of one so cultured and learned as you.  
But to us music—laugh if you will—  
My heart and thoughts must ever be true.

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Together they sang—the mother and babe,  
My wife and child—in the cottage door  
Aye, that is the concert, brother Tom,  
My ears are aching to hear once more.

MARY DE BRINE.













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